Master Negative Storage Number

OCI00036.21

A Collection of new songs

Newcastle

[179-]

Reel: 36 Title: 21

BIBLIOGRAPHIC RECORD TARGET
PRESERVATION OFFICE
CLEVELAND PUBLIC LIBRARY

RLG GREAT COLLECTIONS
MICROFILMING PROJECT, PHASE IV
JOHN G. WHITE CHAPBOOK COLLECTION
Master Negative Storage Number: OC100036.21

Control Number: BCY-4123
OCLC Number : 11226704
Call Number : W PN970.E5 COLN2x
Title : A Collection of new songs.
Imprint : Newcastle : George Angus, printer, [179-]
Format : 8 p. ; 17 cm.
Note : Without music.
Note : Cover title.
Note : Title vignette.
Contents : The soldier's return -- The raw recruit -- O wat ye wha's in yon town.
Subject : Songs, English.
Subject : Songs, Scots.
Subject : Chapbooks, English.
Added Entry : Angus, George.

MICROFILMED BY
PRESERVATION RESOURCES (BETHLEHEM, PA)
On behalf of the
Preservation Office, Cleveland Public Library
Cleveland, Ohio, USA
Film Size: 35mm microfilm
Image Placement: IIB
Reduction Ratio: 8:1
Date filming began: 8|30|94
Camera Operator: CS

WHITE
PN
970
E5
COLN2X

A

COLLECTION

OF

NEW SONGS.

1 The Soldier's Return.
2 The Raw Recruit.
3 O wat ye wha's in yon Town.

George Angus, Printer, Side, Newcastle.

THE SOLDIER's RETURN.

TO

WHEN wild war's deadly blaſt was blawn,
And gentle peace returning,
And eyes again wi' pleaſure beam'd,
That had been blear'd wi' mourning;
I left the lines and tented field,
Where lang I'd been a lodger,
My humble knapſack a' my wealth,
A poor but honeſt Soldier.

A leal light heart beat in my breaſt,
My hand nuſtain'd wi' plunder;
And for fair Scotia, hame again,
I cheerly on did wander.
I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy,
I thought upon her witching ſmile
That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonny glen,
Where early life I ſported,
I paſt the mill, and thrifting thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted,

White PN 970 .E5 Colln

Wha ſpied I but mine ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling!
And turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in my een was ſwelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quo I, ſweet laſs,
Sweet as yon hawthorn bloſsom,
O! happy, happy, may he be,
That's deareſt to thy boſom.
My purſe is light, I've far to gang,
Fain wad I be thy lodger;
I've ſerv'd my King and country lang,
Take pity on a Soldier.

Sae wiſtfully ſhe gaz'd on me,
And lovelier grew than ever;
Quo' ſhe, a Soldier ance I loe'd,
Forget him I ſhall never;
Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
Ye freely ſhall partake it;
That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
You're welcome for the ſake o't.

She gaz'd—ſhe redden'd like a roſe—
Syne pale like ony lily,
She ſank within mine arms, and cried,
Art thou mine ain dear Willie?

INTENTIONAL SECOND EXPOSURE

THE SOLDIER's RETURN.

TO

WHEN wild war's deadly blaſt was blawn,
And gentle peace returning,
And eyes again wi' pleaſure beam'd,
That had been blear'd wi' mourning;
I left the lines and tented field,
Where lang I'd been a lodger,
My humble knapſack a' my wealth,
A poor but honeſt Soldier.

A leal light heart beat in my breaſt,
My hand nuſtain'd wi' plunder;
And for fair Scotia, hame again,
I cheerly on did wander.
I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy,
I thought upon her witching ſmile
That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonny glen,
Where early life I ſported,
I paſt the mill, and tryſting thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted,

White PN 970 .E5 COLN 2x

Wha ſpied I but mine ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling!
And turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in my een was ſwelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quo I, ſweet laſs,
Sweet as yon hawthorn bloſsom,
O! happy, happy, may he be,
That's deareſt to thy boſom.
My purſe is light, I've far to gang,
Fain wad I be thy lodger;
I've ſerv'd my King and country lang,
Take pity on a Soldier.

Sae wiſtfully ſhe gaz'd on me,
And lovelier grew than ever;
Quo' ſhe, a Soldier ance I loe'd,
Forget him I ſhall never;
Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
Ye freely ſhall partake it;
That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
You're welcome for the ſake o't.

She gaz'd—ſhe redden'd like a roſe—
Syne pale like ony lily,
She ſank within mine arms, and cried,
Art thou mine ain dear Willie?

By him who made yon ſun and ſky,
By whom true love's regarded,
I am the man;—and thus may ſtill
True lovers be rewarded.

The wars are o'er and I'm come hame,
And find thee ſtill true hearted;
Tho' poor in gear, we're rich iu love,
And mair we'ſe ne'er be parted.
Quo' ſhe, my grandſire left me gowd,
A mailin pleniſh'd fairly;
Come then my faithful Soldier lad,
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly!

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor;
But glory is the Soldier's prize,
The Soldier's wealth is honour:
The brave poor Soldier ne'er deſpiſe,
Nor count him as a ſtranger;
Remember, he's his country's ſtay
In day and hour of danger.

THE RAW RECRUIT.

BEHOLD poor Will, juſt come from drill,
Not long ago I liſted;
I ſold my cart to pay the ſmart,
But money they reſiſted.

Cleveland Public Library

I cannot tell what may be my lot,
But ſtill 'tis mighty odd, ſir,
That they ſhould pop a lad like I
Into the awkward ſquad, ſir:
With ſword and dagger, belt and ſwagger,
—Tal de ral, &c.

I wiſh I was at home again,
And got my working clothes on,
My greaſy hat that eaſy ſat,
And Sunday's woolen hoſe on:
But at command I'm forc'd to ſtand
As ſtiff as any poker:
And in this plight wheel to the right,
Or my head it would be broke, ſir:
They break one's head with ſuch a
kind of a—Tal de ral, &c.

I walk'd and ran for the Corp'ral's fun,
Till I wore three pair of ſhoes out;
Beſides ſome knocks, I've ſtood in the ſtocks
To make me turn my toes out;
I'm ſure no good they can intend,
To run me out of breath, ſir,
And then this ſtock bound round my neck
(O curſe!)
It throttles me to death, ſir,
And ſome how or other, when I'm
ſtuffing the victuals down my throat

I can't get 'em down, for this con-
founded—Tal, de ral, &c.
But like a maikin I muſt ſtand,
With my fingers below my breeches;
Nor dare not even lift my hand
To ſcratch my head where it itches,
And there the ſoap and flour
Is plaiſtered on my head, ſir,
But for my King and Country
I'll fight until I'm dead, Sir;
Ho, God bleſs the King! I'll fight
for him, and ſing—Tal, de ral, &c.

If ſerjeant Kite informs me right,
I cut a pretty figure;
And why might'nt I, in battle try,
Sure I can pull a trigger;
It is my will the French to kill,
I'll do it with all my heart, ſir;
Who knows but a recruit may chance to
ſhoot
Great General Buonaparte, ſir.
Why, that French dog if I get hold of
him, I'll give him ſuch a—Tal, de
ral, &c.
If I can kill this great Frenchman,
My Country be befriended,
It be a thunderbolt from France,
And making the wars be ended;

No doubt but I ſhall captain be,
(There's a pretty figure for a captain)
O, that's a pretty thing, ſir;
I'll tear my throat from night to morn,
Shout huzza! God ſave the King, ſir,
O, God bleſs the King, if any body
ſhould meddle with him I'll give
them ſuch a kind of a—Tal de ral.
But now my blood begins to riſe,
It ſhows that I'm a Briton;
And if the French ſhould dare to land;
Huzza! my boys, we'll ſpit 'em;
Let every man to his motto ſtand,
And that's we know a lion;
Let Engliſh boys go heart and hand,
There hang 'em we defy 'em;
Damn the french dogs, if they come
here, me and——Volunteers
will give them ſuch a Tal de ral &c

O wat, ye wha's in yon Town.

O Wat ye wha's in yon town,
Ye ſee the e'ening ſun upon;
The prettieſt maid's in yon town,
That e'ening ſun is ſhining on.
How, haply, down in yon gay green ſhaw,
She wanders by yon ſpreading tree,
How bleſt ye flow'rs that round her blaw;
Ye catch the glances o' her e'e.

INTENTIONAL SECOND EXPOSURE

I can't get 'em down, for this con-
founded—Tal, de ral, &c.
But like a mikon I muft ſtand,
With my fingers below my breeches;
Nor dare not even lift my hand
To ſcratch my head where it itches,
And there the ſoap and flour
Is plaiſtered on my head, ſir,
But for my King and Country
I'll fight until I'm dead, Sir;
Ho, God bleſs the King! I'll fight
for him, and ſing—Tal, de ral, &c.

If ſerjeant Kite informs me right,
I cut a pretty figure;
And why might'nt I in battle try,
Sure I can pull a trigger?
It is my will the French to kill,
I'll do it with all my heart, ſir;
Who knows but a recruit may chance to
ſhoot
Great General Buonaparte, ſir.
Why, that French dog if I get hold of
him, I'll give him ſuch a—Tal, de
ral, &c.
If I can kill this great Frenchman,
My Country be befriended,
It be a thunderbolt from France,
And making the wars be ended;

No doubt but I ſhall captain be,
(There's a pretty figure for a captain)
O, that's a pretty thing, ſir,
I'll tear my throat from night to morn,
Shout huzza! God ſave the King, ſir,
O, God bleſs the King, if any body
ſhould meddle with him I'll give
them ſuch a kind of a—Tal de ral.
But now my blood begins to rife,
It ſhows that I'm a Britoп;
And if the French ſhould dare to land;
Huzza! my boys, we'll ſpit em;
Let every man to his motto ſtand,
And that's we know a lion;
Let Engliſh boys go heart and hand,
There hang 'em we defy 'em;
Damn the French dogs, if they come
here, me, and——Volunteers
will give them ſuch a Tal de ral &c

O wat, ye wha's in yon Town.

O Wat ye wha's in yon town,
Ye ſee the e'enin ſun upon,
The prettieſt maid's in yon town,
That e'ening ſun is ſhining on.
How, haply, down in yon gay green ſhaw,
She wanders by yon ſpreading tree,
How bleſt ye flowrs that round her blaw;
Ye catch the glances o' her e'e.

How bleſt ye birds that round her ſing,
And welcome in the blooming year,
But doubly welcome be the ſpring,
The ſeaſon to my Jeanie dear.
The ſun blinks blithe on yon town,
Among the broomy braes ſae green,
But my delight's in yon town,
And dearest pleaſure is my Jean.
Without my fair, not a' the charms
O' Paradiſe, could yield me joy,
But gie me my jeanie in my arms,
And welcome Lapland's dreary ſky.
My cave would be a lover's bower,
Though raging winter rent the air,
And ſhe a lovely little flower,
That I would tent and ſhelter there.
O ſweet is ſhe in yon town,
The ſinking ſun's gaun down upon;
The cleareſt maid's in yon town,
His ſetting beams e'er ſhone upon.
If angry fate be ſworn my foe,
And ſuff'ring I am doom'd to bear,
I'd careleſs quit aught else below,
But ſpare, oh! ſpare my Jeanie dear.
For while life's dearest bluid is warm,
My thoughts ſhall hae her ſtill nae depart;
For as moſt lovely is her form,
She has the trueſt, kindeſt heart.

FINIS.